

W  
A  
THIS FORUM  
& I V  
PAGE



by Opey

dad?	yes, david	do you and mom really like farming?	yes, i guess we do. do you?
, but some the kids in school make fun of farmers	well, maybe they don't really understand all of what they're saying, david	maybe not, but sometimes i wish we could move into the city	we make a good living right here
don't you and get a job in the city?	i suppose we could - if we wanted to	well...?	well david, we don't want to
at look at the different in the city	but look at all the fresh air and sunshine we get out here	oh really now dad, we can get that in the city, too	

I knew her and her parents very well. They were quiet people, members of the community, but not leaders. Their neighbours displayed a curious detachment in speaking about the family—often there was a slight undercurrent of hostility.

She admits she neither knew nor understood her parents before she left home. She had known for many years, but had not until recently accepted, that her parents were socialists, perhaps even communists. For years her embryonic consciousness encompassed only shame that her parents were somehow "queer" because they did not like the society she knew.

But after leaving home, she began to see things she had never seen before, to connect in her own mind some of the things her

## A minor tragedy: the radical grows old

by Ellen Nygaard

parents had told her in the years before. She wrote them a letter and poured out her discontent, her indignation, and her newfound confidence that she had seen something about society that was undeniably true. It coincided with the attitudes of her parents. But there was one difference: she, being young, still retained some remnants of optimism and ambition. Her parents, being old, had none. Her mother wrote her a letter:

"You know how much we agree with you on many of the issues that you raised but we are also less idealistic and more resigned to things (a privilege of age) than you young people are.

"It is good that you see beyond the immediate creature comforts that a good paying job provides and realize that you

have been one of the fortunate few who could achieve such things and to hell with the rest of the world.

"However, let's face up to today's rotten world. You are 20 years old and are preparing to take on the responsibility of supporting yourself. In order to do this you will have to get some training and compete in this capitalistic society whether you like it or not.

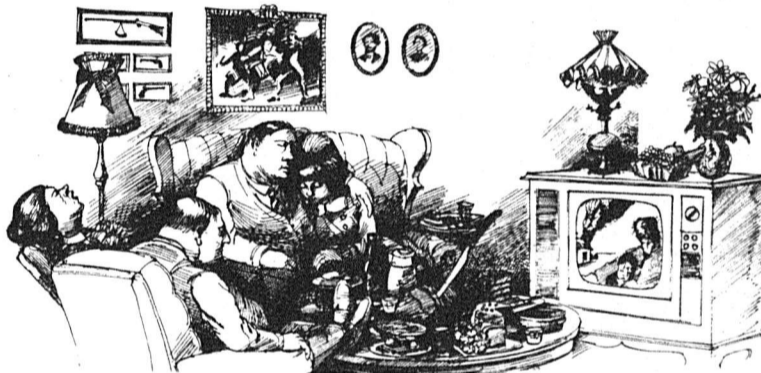
"Your dad and I are pleased to give you your education because we don't consider the capital we have amassed is ours. It is just in trust for us to use wisely and well.

"Just because you are to go out in this dog-eat-dog world doesn't mean you can't think your own way but believe us, dear, when we tell you that you can sure be in trouble if you try to say what you think.

"It is just like bashing your head against a wall, and almost as pointless when you are surrounded by 90 per cent who vote Conservative regardless, who believe war is grand and glorious, and who think all welfare people are there because they are lazy, ignorant or stupid."

The letter went on with motherly gossip and love. Her parents had been through it all—they were the "bloody but unbowed" who had lost all hope, all ambition for change. But they still had their own minds.

This is a true story, and it is a tragedy. Why does it go on happening?



The Silent Majority

## It's real

Phail

people who are old enough to this esteemed institution old enough to decide for themselves whether or not contacts and thoughts of those and them are obscene.

Perhaps the pictures and cartoon question were degrading to the human spirit, but by depicting them from the paper, Dr. Tyndall is hardly helping to solve the real problem. Obscenity, whether it is printed in the paper or not. By putting our pictures in the sand, or censoring the paper, as the case demands, are hardly enlightening the public to the real world which is much closer to most people than they care to admit. Maybe, maybe, by trying to wake up to a few of the less pleasant facts of life, they will be disgusted enough with the things really are to want something positive about it.

The pictures and cartoon were Dr. Tyndall, and maybe weren't good news, but we have the responsibility to the public the same as you do. This is the case where looking the other way (or not looking at all) will not make it go away.

## "It's so hopeless"

by Winston Gereluk

Ending an endeavor began with such ambition as my writing columns for Gateway leaves me with a deep sense of futility, and more than a little addition to my cynicism.

I had started out to do so much: of the many aims that I had in mind, none had priority over my ambition to show university students that it is still possible to voice personal dissatisfaction; that even in such a large, structured organization what one individual thinks or feels can be expressed, it does not always have to be repressed.

I had hoped to communicate with students, but it's so hopeless. I probably missed the vast majority who thought that I was being unnecessarily rabid in my criticism—and I also probably missed those on the left wing who must have thought my analyses unforgivably trivial and disgustingly timid. In most cases I myself agree with the latter group.

There were, I hope, at one time or another, a few to whom I did succeed in speaking. If I did, I fulfilled my purpose. For there is nothing more potentially re-

volutionary in the context of this large, impersonal and repressive system than two people honestly communicating on the basis of their concern for each other.

To those who found my column shockingly and distastefully left-wing, I can only say by way of happy farewell, "Find some way in which you can carry on your bovine existence without at the same time imposing the standards (?) of your existence upon those of us that worry about the quality of life."

To those that think that my analyses were horribly simplistic, I want to say, "Jeez, I'm sorry! My columns were all that Gateway had, because you wouldn't write any."

But to those with whom I have communicated, if only briefly, I want to say that writing to you has been a great experience. It is what has made this school term something to be remembered. I am sad that it is over; there is so much I have left unsaid.

I'm leaving university, and don't think that I'll ever come back, and to say good-bye is really so hopeless.

## ESO outlook promising

by Brian Campbell

Continuing on from where we left off on the last page of Caserole, there is one thing yet to be said about Gloria Richard's performance at the last mid-week concert and that is that she should work harder on her pronunciation. Her vowels are terrible and it showed in every number she sang.

Last Saturday the ESO capitalized on the drawing power of Marek Jablonski and announced next year's program.

It is a gamble at a time when I did not expect the symphony to take chances. They have given up (thank God) the name star syndrome, and brought back three lesser-known performers who gave us great performances.

Charles Treger is a professor as well as a violinist, but he is the best violinist to play in Edmonton in recent years. Undramatic and intense, his power is under his skin—in his playing and not in his gestures. Gyorgy Sebok is another musician from the same mold. He played a Mozart piano concerto last time, and I hope his return means we

will hear more Mozart next year. As I remember it, Anton Kuerti is another performer with roots in academe. He teaches at the University of Toronto, and for my money he is the best pianist in Canada and his return is long overdue.

The other guest artists are unknowns, and this is a healthy sign. Unfortunately there is no indication on the ESO's preliminary program of the music we are going to hear next year. I hope it excites our curiosity as much as the artists have.

Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* is a masterpiece which we can only look forward to with pleasure, but the rest of the year remains a question mark. If our symphony is going to establish the vitality it needs, we should have more modern works, like Sasonkin's *Symphony, Op. 4*, a heavier emphasis on the Classic Period, and less 19th Century slush.

I do not know what I'll do if we don't get it, but I'll tell you this, I'm writing De Koven on Monday. Maybe he's nasty enough to be next year's critic.